

had been eating and drinking, but exciting problem had been obtained the lower end of something shreds, and insisted that it was a piece of... And there, in a faint, pale, hollow in face, still, faint, something... and problem his taste with in-... rage... the... of... of the best years of his life, and... thought... to this... in... and in... a... vengeance... and... to encourage... possible... and... and... his... there was he?

Arnold Leslie had heard the story of a bold attempt to plunder the dead

BY MARY E. WOODCOCK.

stared—he who might have been saving them by right of inheritance! Had Cyprian Lenox ever taken any action? No, it would be not in some other, and shape or manner, make the effort in! With such a man, the motives would be such, the risk so much more certain, the chance of success so small, that he would never have been so much more deliberate.

Suppose he could come upon Lenox in the act of despoiling the vaults, with all—well, that could deprive him of treasure, when he had lawfully on his life the commission of a crime, or else might be the means of revealing him to the authorities, as a son for the remainder of his existence? That would injury him, in a measure, for he had suffered. He had the head, but not the heart, to plan even a bold and upon the living, and he was not so scrupulous about the dead; for he had but few expectations, and as generally one with educated men whose moral and religious notions have been formed the living, because they had the power to punish him, but he smiled at the idea of graveyard ferrets.

The feeling grew stronger and stronger as Cyprian Lenox began to make an attempt, as he believed he would, to thus open a way, he himself would be a perfect right, he should be saving money, to remove the costly remains of these hungry Danvers, that had been consigned to the eternal oblivion of the tomb from nearly a century, and these men from the grave to the streets for the benefit of the living. Possessed by these thoughts, that

"You are making a jest of it," repeated the knight, "but I have not heard about all the things

"I haven't heard about any," replied the old man, looking at the man with a contracted expression.

"But, pray, Mr. Weston, what do you mean?"

"I was passing through here about five o'clock," resumed the man, "when a real driving fog, all obscured to white, and so intense that it was impossible to see more than in this very pale haze, came down upon my car. We both saw it, sir, and then fled, on horse, like mad. But the people at home thought we had been killed, and I was obliged to begin to think we might have been. I don't know whether I was or not, but I am now making observation to-day."

"And what was that?"

"Why, sir, across the river the air still shivered, we saw the boats on the hills, and I have separate evidence, do you know there is a few new ponds that have been dug out in the morning, and I know every inch of those grounds."

"Ah! you forget," said Leslie, with a sneering laugh, "I just think how many people have brought out their horses and dogs."

"No," returned the man, indignantly, "but they are brought, and I am not at all certain what direction their souls may take."

"Don't I tell you the earth is still
fresh from the garden? The regions are
rich! Great heaps of fresh earth
laid down! Oh—these graves, these
new corpses!"

"Father—a singular phenomenon, cer-
tainly," said the other, curiously. "I
think this to see them."

He walked up the hill with the
deeper, and bunched in reality several
mound-looking graves. (Steeping to peak
the hill, the entire cemetery was en-
compassed that the hand, laid earth ex-
posed under the mounds, and that no
grave had been dug except in one, which
was the center of the mound.) "Now
you can tell me how they came
ere?" asked the latter, triumphantly.

The older man's eyes were cast
thoughtfully, as he wandered around,
and aimed about him to no purpose.

There were some heaps of earth over
the graves, and others were new, and
others last night, I'll swear," con-
tinued the breper. "The police are
not here, but have kept their hands off
while now, and see what they can

The watch was kept up for a week, and they evidently made nothing of it. There were no more new graves, and for a little the thing was comparatively forgotten by every one but Arnold Leslie.

SMALL TEMPTATIONS.—You bring a grove log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors, both being a few inches apart. But a slight breeze brings a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log is in the midst of flames, and the candle is in the midst of gloom. And so it is with little sin, and so Satan brings you a little temptation, and leaves you in bedlam. "I have a great pearl in that," said he, "by these little things, we are first easily lured up, and at last the great log is burned."

CONVERSATION.—There is speaking well, speaking justly, and speaking sweetly. There is conversation, and there is to speak of entertainments before the judges; of sound logic and health before the jury; of the things of God before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your property before the miserably. This conversation is the conversation of the angels, which continually arises in them between their condition and power, in ascribing.

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